

Isn't it Obvious?

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Summary: The origins of G-man wrapped up into an epic story full of epicness. Completely non-canon.

## 1. Chapter 1

**\*\*Isn't it Obvious?\*\***

A Half Life Fanfic

Hello, world! This is my first, and probably only fanfic. Why, you ask? Because there is only so much you can write about everyone's favorite evil guy in a business suit.

Disclaimer: I am not Valve. Yeah, no matter how awesome my story is, I'm not. It's hard to hear bad news. D:

Other, non legal disclaimer: I borrowed some ideas from my BFF, Claire. If she sues, I'm not home, ok?

\* \* \*

><p>"Hello, Misssssster Freeman."<p>

A flash of green light obscured Gordon's vision as the sinister man warped him to... a tram, much like the one he had already visited. There, he had been forced to choose between working for the G-man or death. He had wisely chosen the latter. Gordon was facing a window, in which he could see stars flying fast at a blinding speed. He glanced around, looking for where his opponent might be.

G-man was sitting in a seat of the tram, his head in his hands. His briefcase, usually clutched inside long, thin fingers, sat on the ground. G-man looked up, then motioned to the seat across from him.

"Sit, Mister Freeman. I'm afraid... I have some very unfortunate newsssss."

Gordon, bewildered, stood still.

"I will not harm you. Pleasssssse, sit down. We need to talk."

Another pause. The scientist finally sat down in the seat indicated. Gordon looked at the G-man. Unlike his usual demeanor of smug confidence, he looked worried.

\_This can't be good\_ thought Gordon. Usually he looks like he knows what's going on. He looked at the briefcase by G-man's side. What could be in there?

An audible sigh came from G-man. Gordon snapped back to attention.

"We have a problem. My... employers... they..."

He dropped his head into his hands.

"My employers were wiped out." Another sigh. "Not that it matterssss, in the long run. We had a traitor in our midsssst. One of the few chossssssen wanted more power, and he destroyed our home dimension. I was the only one somewhere else. We were few in number before... Now... now I am the lasssst..."

Gordon ceased moving, and stopped breathing as well. G-man... showing emotion? He narrowed his eyes. \_This is a trap.\_

"No, it isn't, Misssssster Freeman. If I wanted you dead, trussssst me, you'd know."

Gordon sat upright, startled. \_Did he just...?\_

"Yes, Misssssster Freeman. My kind have been blessed with remarkable powerssssss, mosssst of which I have not been able to show you. My employers restricted how much I was able to intervene in this reality. Now that they are gone, however..." A sick grin curled on his lips. "I am free to do as I wish. I should just... remove you... However, I have another plan." The grin turned into a rather large, unsettling smile. "Go and warn your world, Misssssster Freeman. Warn them as much as you can. The day of Judgement is at hand. With your lack of speech, however... I think you might have to watch as your friends fail to receive the warning necessary. Not that preparing will help, of course. Your friends will die before you, Misssssster Freeman. And you can do nothing to stop it."

\_Yes. I can!\_ Thought Gordon. He reached into his holster and pulled out his pistol, aimed it at G-man's head and shot. The bullet hit G-man right between the eyes.

G-man dissolved into dust. Starting from the bullet wound in his forehead, he crumbled away into dust that blew into a nonexistent breeze... And assembled itself into G-man, standing before Gordon with the large smile still on his face.

"Now, let's not do anything... Hassssssty. After all, we have all the

time in the world. And... You are in my world, Misssssster Freeman."

Gordon, dazed, sat. And stared. \_Who... What are you?\_

G-man's eyes widened, and he cocked an ear, a smug smile on his face. "Why, whatever do you mean?" He quipped sarcastically.

\_You know exactly what I meant. What are you?\_

G-man chuckled. "Well, now that I have you captured, I might at well reveal my evil plan, so to speak..." He sat down in his seat, and crossed his legs, relaxed. "I am one of a now nearly extinct race that originates in dimension similar to yours. In our world, the... Black Mesa incident... Was a catastrophic explosion. The blast killed everyone on our earth except for those inside the facility itssssself. The energy of the portal inside the building fused with us... Giving us our own portals, so to ssssssspeak. We could leap through time and space, and into other dimensions... And I found this one. To stop any power struggles, we agreed to obey our superiors from the black Mesa corporation. I was... a scientist. We each claimed a world, a reality, to call our own. Making pawns of the inhabitants, creating our own futures. Your reality... isssss mine."

So... You were the one that made the black Mesa incident happen! You engineered that future!

"Yessss... Our only long standing goal was to avoid making more of ussss... The rest of it was our own meddling. We were restricted, however, in how much we could intervene. If we did too much to any timeline, it could change our own. Now that our own is out of the picture, however, I am free to finally let loosssssssse."

Gordon was outraged. He was the cause of all his problems! He was the one who killed his friends! \_Why did you do this? Why kill so many people? Don't you have any empathy?\_

"No, I dont sssssssuppose I do."

\_Why do it, though?\_

"Our realities are similar. If I hadn't intervened, we would have more of usssss... And having two of me would be quite troublesome, I would think."

Gordon mulled that one over a bit. \_So, each person has a double in every reality?\_

"Unlesssssss we intervene, yes."

A long pause. G-man shifted forward in his seat, his bright green eyes meeting Gordon's.

\_What's in the briefcase?\_

"Issssssn't it obvious?"

Rather than wait for Gordon to respond, G-man stood up and grabbed the briefcase. He dropped it in Gordon's lap.

A slight beat passed before Gordon opened it. Inside...

Lay a crowbar, nearly identical to his own.

His eyes shot up, meeting G-man's. G-man started to laugh.

"Do you... undersssssssstand now?"

\_I... I have one last question.\_ Though Gordon.\_ What is your name?\_

"Issssssssssn't it obvious?" G-man said again. He stood, turned toward the front of the tram and walked a few feet. A portal opened in front of him, casting an unearthly green glow over the interior.

\_Please, tell me.\_

"My name..." Gman looked over his shoulder, his eyes meeting Freeman's for the last time. The hue of his irises glowed with the same intensity and color as the portal in front of him. "is Gordon." He stepped through the portal, leaving Gordon alone.

Gordon, for the first time in years, started to scream.

## 2. Chapter 2

\_A way out. There has to be one.\_

Gordon, the hope for humanity, was trapped in a box. Not of the cardboard variety, but of the tram variety. He had tried everything save for blowing the train up from the inside. Rattling the doors, bashing the doors, shooting the doors: nothing worked. Sitting down on the seats in defeat, he stared out the window. Stars whizzed by. He pressed his hand against the window, and a huge crash shook the entire tram.

The tram had collided with one of the stars.

\_It isn't a star, I can be sure of that.\_ Gordon thought. Looking out the back window, he saw the remnants of a plane, ripped in half. The other half must be what hit us. As the tram shook and buckled, Gordon realized that most of the traumatic events in his life had happened in trains. \_Trains. Such an innocent idea.\_ The sound of grinding metal shook him from his thoughts. The train was slowing down, and was also flipping over across its length. Gordon sat against the wall, legs in the air. When gravity finally allowed him to stand on the wall he quickly did the same again.

\_No need to trouble myself with falling.\_

As the tram finally settled upside down, Gordon stood up. He looked out the window. The stars had stopped whizzing by. And now, he could see that they weren't stars. It was debris. Large chunks of metal, unidentifiable, were floating in the expanse of space. Gordon reached for the window... and found that he couldn't move.

\_No... god, no, please.\_

"Well, well. I leave you alone for a few minutes, and you managed to stop the tram." The G-man stepped out of nowhere, his perfectly fitted suit seemingly out of place yet appropriate at the same time.

\_No, it wasn't actually me, I had nothing to do with this!\_

"I know. It is rather unfair to the train, however. I have used it so often, but I don't think I can anymore."

\_Why not? Can't you just use your magical space powers, or whatever, to fix it?\_

"I would... but the place we are flying through used to be space. Now, it is a void. There is no reality out there. We hit part of the fractured timeline, Gordon."

\_We hit... time? How is that - ?\_

"Exactly. When reality is destroyed, how do you think logic works?"

\_It.. doesn't?\_

The G-man smiled thinly. "Precisely. I knew there was a reason I chose you. Subtlety never gets past you."

\_Why? Why do you want to kill my friends?\_

G-man's eyes met Gordon's.

"Whatever gave you the impression I would? I haven't spoken to you since I left you here to keep you out of trouble."

\_Yes, you did...\_

"Please don't jest, Doctor."

\_You did. You really did. It was you, and you told me you were going to kill everyone on Earth.\_

The G-man's eyes snapped to Gordon's again. They started to glow faintly. "So. You saw me?"

\_It... it certainly looked like you. It talked sort of like you. He... it held the s's a lot longer than normal, though. I thought it was just you, being weird, as usual...\_

"Me... being weird. Your insult is noted, and I suggest you refrain from talking to your guardian angel like that. However, I have more pressing matters to attend to. Someone is running around with my look, and that could prove problematic."

\_Guardian angel?\_

G-man's eyes brightened. "What about it?"

\_I... Never mind.\_

"Going back to the original topic, what did... I say?"

\_You said something about your home dimension being destroyed, and you being the last one of your kind. Then, you got really scary, said you were going to start Judgement Day, and I shot you in the head. You turned into dust, then turned into you. Then, you told me you were me from another dim - this isn't making much sense, is it.\_

"I... Yes, he was right. I am the last of my kind, or so I thought. My home dimension was destroyed, but because of a crack in reality owing to our excessive mucking around in time and space. I was spared only because I was inside a bubble of stopped time, in which I was telling you to lead Alyx to White Forest. In a sense, I am lucky that the Vortegaunts lifted their guard in that moment. I wouldn't be here otherwise."

\_You also said your dimension was destroyed because of a traitor.\_

G-man's eyes narrowed. "I see. I know who our mysterious guest is."

\_Who?\_

G-man frowned at Gordon. "Isn't it obvious?"

Gordon shuddered, remembering G-man's double's words. \_I hate that phrase. Everyone thinks I'm so smart, yet thinks I'm stupid at the same time.\_

"So, you don't know who it is?"

\_No.\_

"Good. You shouldn't. I can take care of this one myself, rest assured."

G-man turned around, and a portal appeared in front of him.

\_Wait. You're just going to leave me here?\_

"Not that I knew of. This is for both of us. I believe, since you now know my true intentions, you trust me enough to follow."

Gordon took one last look around the tram, and at the debris floating through the void.

\_Let's just get this over with.\_

\* \* \*

><p>This story is rapidly turning into one of my favorite things to write. Expect action, suspense, and a lot of witty quips!<p>

End  
file.